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For the New-York Saturday Press.

PARTING.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

White and small was the hand I pressed
Behind the rose-covered cottage door.
While the moon rose low in the azure West,
And the tremulous vines by the wind caressed,
Cast flickering shadows over the floor—
Swinging, swaying, and sighing lowly,
"Perfect love is the one thing holy!"

Written for The New-York Saturday Press.

The Chickabiddy House.
A TALE OF A TAVERN.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

CHAPTER I.
THE CHICKABIDDY.

Everybody knows the Chickabiddy House. Every-
body that has ever been to Sunnyside, and in fact every-
body that has ever been to Sunnyside, including in the
last list those who only stopped at Sunnyside to dine.
For when that "gentlemanly conductor," J. Napoleon
Titus, calls "Sunnyside" twenty minutes for dinner,
it embodies the entire idea, just as much as though
Mr. Titus had said, "Now, then, ladies and gentle-
men, we have telegraphed to Messrs. Whipple, Snapp
& Snorem, the 'gentlemanly proprietors' of the Chick-
abiddy House, that there are two hundred and fifteen
diners on the ground, and you are immediately in
and pay your seventy-five cents, or lose your respect-
ability for this trip."

The up-train dines at the Chickabiddy, and the down-
train sups at the same place. The Chickabiddy is a
No. 1. The Chickabiddy is a fashionable house.
The Chickabiddy is sufficiently rural to be rural, and
sufficiently metropolitan to be metropolitan. In the
Summer it is the resort of migrating and stationary
fashion, and in the Winter the headquarters of the
fashion of Sunnyside. The central sun to which all
diners turn. The terror of wives, and the bug-
bear of latchkey-hating mothers. The balls that agi-
tate the country round find a focus in the Chickabiddy;
and the respectable caucuses that manufacture govern-
ors and senators, over champagne and brandy and
water, can be found at agitating times in the private
parlors No. 1, 2, and 3, of the Chickabiddy House.
From the balconies of these same private parlors
many eminent patriots who have stood for Sunnyside,
or wish to, have addressed the sovereign people
below, on the occasion of an extemporaneous oration
congratulation, at which, though coming at uncertain
hours of the night, and of course entirely unknown to
the patriot, he always makes his appearance in the bal-
cony in full dress, with his hair blown back, and com-
mences by telling his fellow citizens how much he is
taken by surprise, all of which can only be suggestive
of the idea that the patriot sleeps in his boots, with his
hair really combed.

There is something impressive in the very appear-
ance of the Chickabiddy House. From the moment
you enter its black-walnut portals, you feel that you
are on sacred ground, that you must tread lightly on
the hallowed dust. Just observe that exquisite
bookkeeper, whose intense knowledge of human
nature has allowed him, within the minute you have
taken to pass from the door to his dread tribunal, to
study, and weigh you accurately, and tell to a nicety
what he shall do with you; in fact to try and sentence
you off-hand, as a police justice would his cases, with-
out bothering himself, and prejudicing his mind with
a hearing. That exquisite bookkeeper, who is got up
perfectly regardless of expense, from the whicker to
the patent-leather, not forgetting a single stone dia-
mond-ring, without which no candidate is eligible, will
fix you with his eye, and if you have not previously
had the freedom of the Chickabiddy conferred by him,
on a former visit, and received your honors under
champagne, and a travel round town at your expense,
in that single minute will make you understand that
you may be somebody wherever you came from, you
are nobody at the Chickabiddy House, without his
consent. No entirely will you be impressed, that when
he shall say, "Here, Sam, show this gentleman to
317," though intuitively you know that 317 is on the
eleventh story, yet have you not courage enough to
say "Couldn't you do better than that?" something
tells your sinking heart that the answer will be,
"Couldn't, really, so full," though as certainly you
know that the Chickabiddy has not done a paying
business for at least three years, and that three-
fourths of the rooms are now vacant. Why, you
did you come to the Chickabiddy with only a carpet-
bag? A good sized trunk would have been a warrant
for No. 50, third floor, and two trunks and a hat-box
a certain pass for No. 12, parlor flat.

But when once that Cerberus of the office was passed,
the Chickabiddy was a free fight, if we may so express
it, without offence. He who knows the magical effects
of halves and quarters; who has studied chamber-
maids, firemen, and waiters of hotels; who has gone
down, not to the sea in ships, but to the dining-rooms
of other Chickabiddies, in a crowd, and suffered accord-
ingly; learns by sad and bitter experience how to be
a "perfect gentleman" with these demagogues, or else-
where. A waiter is only human, he is but a type
of all other men of business, and with such attributes
he does better for cash than credit. Let, therefore, the
retainer be placed under the edge of the plate, please-
antly in sight, from the moment of sitting down. It
may bring a good dinner, and if it be the only one to
be taken in that house, nothing is lost, only to with-
draw the fee and abandon the case; we have certainly

a right to lay our own money where we please, and to
return it at will to our own pockets.

The Chickabiddy was pre-eminently a family house,
a fashionable family house, when families could be
found to occupy its rooms and pay its prices, which
were also fashionable. It was the best of the house
except the contempt, unexpressed by words, with which
that looker-on magnificent would make out a bill,
when there were no extras, and the departing guest
indignantly repudiated the odd dinners, wines, etc.,
that by some strange mistake always found their way
on it. Two dollars and a half a day was the charge
at the Chickabiddy, which, if a guest came on the
afternoon of one day, say 4 p. m., and departed next
day at the same hour, usually summed up as follows:

One day's board	\$2.50
Two	5.00
Extra dinner	1.00
Porterage	.50
Extras	1.00
Total	\$10.00

"Extremely sorry you don't like it, sir; perfectly
correct, sir," says this stylish bookkeeper.

"But the two first?" remonstrates No. 317.

"Quite customary, sir, one fire in the afternoon, one
fire in the morning, perfectly right, sir."

"But the dinner, extra dinner?" says 317.

"Dinner at 3 and 5 o'clock, sir; you dined yester-
day at 5, sir, to-day at 3; perfectly right, sir."

No. 317, rather abashed, "Well, but the extras?"

"O, well," says the magnificent, running his pen
through the dollar, "we'll knock that off."

This kills 317, who pays five dollars, and exits, and
the Chickabiddy is liberally triumphant.

It is the dining-room of the Chickabiddy House upon
which the "gentlemanly proprietors" sound the "to
Triumph." And indeed it must be a brave man or
woman who can enter upon its suburbs without a thrill
of awe, and braver still who can walk through its
double line of tables, escorted by a bowing waiter, and
stared at by a hundred or more pair of eyes without
winning; who can deliberately and gracefully do this,
and reach his seat with perfect ease and abandon, and
with the attendant waiter, who can leisurely draw out his
glass, deliberately read the bill of fare, order the dinner
very precise and very eccentric, and then as deliberately
turn his glass on the starters, and take them with his
Richmonds armed in proof on the tented field as a stick
can be shaken at.

The plate, glass, and linen of the
Chickabiddy are unexceptionable, and, if you do not
look too critically, are clean, or have the outer sur-
face of cleanliness. The bill of fare comprises so
many dishes that the diner is hopelessly lost should
he not scan its contents, by the uncertainty as to what
he shall waste his appetite upon, and at the same time
realize the worth by the money he knows he shall be
obliged to pay for the entertainment. It must be
powerful nerves that can meet and bear all this, and
when added comes the battery of eyes, and the over-
flowing of thumbs, the dining-room of the
Chickabiddy House, becomes the trial scene through
which, if man or woman pass unscathed, they shall be
declared worthy the highest pinnacle of hardened
assurance.

At what a sight was the dining-room of the Chick-
abiddy on a full day. Then were the permanent in
all their glory, and the transients all amazed. It was
worth, as Mrs. Mumbletop openly declared, a day's
travel, which, to a person pretty well advanced in life
(Mrs. Mumbletop was seventy-six), was something, to
see Mr. Thomas Benton Snorem walk through that
dining-room, bowing to the right, touching his fingers
to his lips, in salutation to the left, looking anxious,
and haggard, at a stranger who was eating up all the
early asparagus, refusing to surrender the dish to the
most skillful snatching waiter of the house, gazing
vacantly at a party who were becoming blue in the face
from non-success in securing the attendance necessary
for sustenance. His satisfied business-like air, while
he consulted the steward, looking as though he were
charging that functionary to expire in the traces, rather
than let one unsatisfied appetite go out of the
Chickabiddy dining-rooms, while in fact he was simply
announcing that he had been enabled to get in a new
lot of butter that day at a fall of one and a half cent,
and then bowing himself out as only Mr. Thomas Benton
Snorem could, leaving all amidst that look of
astonishment that had set the machine entirely to rights,
and for all the future time the Chickabiddy must go on
to the unfeigned admiration of all the civilized
world; all this was worth contemplating. Mr.
Thomas Benton Snorem was the unmarried junior
partner of the "gentlemanly proprietors," he whose
particular province was with the ladies, and the most
likely to have carried his diplomacy, since the single
of the permanent ladies never seemed to think of
setting her cap at only Mr. Thomas Benton Snorem,
though Mrs. Mumbletop had been heard to say, not once
but several times, that had she a dozen daughters, she
would give them all freely to Mr. Thomas Benton
Snorem. Whether Mrs. Mumbletop meant singly, or
collectively, or successively, remains still unknown.

In this admiration of the man Mrs. Mumbletop set
along with the consent of her husband. To whom
could these victims of conjugal neglect appeal with so
much certainty of having their request answered, as to
this gentleman? Who would respond to the call for
a new set of curtains for 27? Or just a rocking-chair for
40?—or the hundred other trifles that found their way
ultimately out of the pockets of their lords and masters,
in the form of extras on a hotel bill? Who stood at the
dining-room door always ready to escort a lone female to
her seat, put her into proper position; bow, smile, say
some really pretty thing, and leave the fair one with an
improved digestion, and a look of unfeigned happi-
ness?—Mr. Thomas Benton Snorem! So many were
the bright spots on the Chickabiddy escutcheon, that
the dark ones, if dark ones there were, fell away into
nothingness. It was a certificate of respectability to
live at the Chickabiddy; a matter to be mentioned
along that your acquaintance extended familiarly to its
sanctuaries, and a privilege of a high order the recep-
tion of a nod or frown from Messrs. Whipple, Snapp &
Snorem.

CHAPTER II.

MISS JULIA LIVINGSTON DOLDRUM.

There were strange histories hanging like sundry
words of lameness over the heads of various members
of our set at the Chickabiddy House. Histories pos-
sibly told and retold, without ever reaching the ears of the
heroes or heroines. But of all these strange histories,
none equalled that of Miss Julia Livingston Doldrum.
Miss Julia, as all will remember who have been fami-
liar in Sunnyside society for the last twenty years, was
the only child, and the inheritor of the wealth of Jason
Doldrum, formerly in the hills and leather line, a man
whose paper never went to protest, and who lived and
died in the odor of the sanctity of business, leaving to
a distressed widow, and Miss Julia, the only child,
equally divided, the very comfortable reward of a

couple of hundred thousand. The widow being only
Miss Julia's stepmother, and not affectionately inclined,
and Miss Julia considering herself, on her father's
death, arrived at years of discretion (at that period ex-
actly thirty), removed from the mansion of her fore-
fathers, poetically speaking, and took apartments 20
and 21 at the Chickabiddy House, Miss Julia herself
declining in response to the inquiries of her friends
that she preferred a hotel life, simply because she was
inclined to melancholy, and the life and bustle diverted
her mind. That a full appreciation may be had of Miss
Julia's morbidness of mind, it would be requisite to
enjoy her society, and study, not only her mental,
but her physical peculiarities. Miss Julia had been an
inmate of the Chickabiddy just three years; she was
therefore, thirty-three, and owing openly to twenty-
six. In figure she was not as tall as she might have
been, but what her figure lacked in height, was fully
made up in breadth, so that in the matter of weight
Miss Julia lacked nothing. She had one great trou-
ble, a trouble that cost her many a sleepless
hour, and many a bitter sigh, a trouble that, however
small to the unthinking world, was to Miss Julia Dol-
dram, all, everything. For what is trouble but com-
pare? The boy who loses his life, suffers all the
agony of mind he will afterward suffer at the loss of a
ship containing half his worldly wealth. The girl as
much when she finds the baby has sucked all the paint
off the head of her doll, as in after time she will at
the loss of a bean, almost transformed into a husband.

He who has not known great woes, must make small
ones serve the purpose, and if he cannot mourn by the
loss of a flying brother, parent, or child—the misfit
of a coat, the loss of a debt, or the bill of a coquette,
will answer as well. Thus it was with Miss Julia, with
only one exception; what this exception was, we shall
presently tell; the great trouble of her life was her
complexion. It was undeniably high, or as some ill-
natured friends had declared, her face was "as red as
a beet." To this Miss Julia was painfully alive, and
money would have been no object to alter the great
face. Lily White, Meen Pun, Prepared Chalk, and the
hundred comestics did little in taming down Miss Julia's
face and color. A high color and melancholy cannot
without a great stretch of the imagination, go hand in
hand; therefore Miss Julia lacked one great aid to
sentimentality. In all other things Miss Julia Living-
ston Doldrum would have made a model heroine, the
material for a story to be continued. She had nice
brown hair, curling very prettily in drop ringlets, cur-
ning little hazel eyes, that when she laughed—which
she tried not to do, and yet did do all the time—melted
away in her head, almost hidden under the fat
little red cheeks and eyelids; she had pretty teeth,
had Miss Julia, and some who were not disposed to
look charitably on all things, said she knew it, or she
would not laugh so much. But the pride of Miss Julia,
the hook upon which she hung her fame, was her hand
and arm; these were undeniably fine. Could the lady
but have transferred the complexion of her arm to her
face, it would have been a triumph; a whiter arm,
a rounder arm, a better poised arm was never seen at the
Chickabiddy table, and with this none knew better.

How beautifully she could rest her elbow on the edge
of the table—just sufficiently on to escape the imputa-
tion of leaning for support—and play that white arm
in the light, until it flashed in the eyes of the admir-
ing crowd; how beautifully was that little plump hand
nursed, how delicately tended were the nails, how
superbly set were the diamonds that glistened on its
fingers, matchless stones, blue emeralds, twenty carat
gems. Ah! Julia Julia, how many throbs that
white arm cost the transients at the Chickabiddy, who
came and passed away never to return, but never to
forget its proportions.

Miss Julia Livingston Doldrum had a mystery, a
mystery that remained concealed until after the death
of Jason Doldrum, *per se*, and then only came out,
Heaven, and Miss Julia knows how. It was first whis-
pered in solemn conclave, next louder, where triplets
were gathered, then spoken in a subdued voice, and
lastly, when it came back to Miss Julia, she was
crowded of four, and she knew it, or she would not
laugh so much. But the pride of Miss Julia, the
hook upon which she hung her fame, was her hand
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white arm cost the transients at the Chickabiddy, who
came and passed away never to return, but never to
forget its proportions.

Miss Julia's papa, Mr. Jason Doldrum, was what in
the world would be called a hard man; he was hard in
business, and as a natural sequel, he was hard even
in his domestic life. He had formed certain
chimerical ideas of a grand match for his daughter,
which she could not be expected to do. Stanley Egbert
could only hold up his beloved Julia, and tear his hair
at intervals. What else could he be expected to do?
The Reverend Henry Hymen could only run for water,
barbours, camphor, and his wife. What else could
he be expected to do? And the stranger, he only ran
away. What else could he be expected to do? And
thus it was that Miss Julia Livingston Doldrum was
married without knowing who her husband was. In
truth, without seeing him but through a thick
veil, without hearing his name, or hearing of him
from that date. The Reverend Henry Hymen could
explain nothing, but that a gentleman had arrived a
few minutes before at his house, stating that he was to
be joined in a short time by a lady who would with
the reverend gentleman's assistance become his wife.
The lady had arrived, and was received by the gentle-
man, and by his assistance the pair had been made
one. "Had the gentleman," added the Reverend
Henry Hymen, "but waited for the certificate, his
name might have been known."

Very likely.
Of the attack on Stanley Egbert, nothing further could
be learned, than that he had been arrested in mistake
by a posse of officers, who would certainly have been
made to pay severely for their error by Stanley Egbert,
could he have afterwards identified them, which he
was not able to do in consequence of excitement.
That night, as we were escorted home by Stanley Egbert,
a bride, but not a bride of his. The secret remained
buried in their mutual bosoms, and even after years
when Wilkins Stanley Egbert became the eminent law-
yer, and represented Sunnyside in the State Legislature.
Even when he took to his heart, and home, the rival
beloved of the county, Miss Charity Davis, who could
be confessed was a trifle richer than Miss Julia, beside
holding her property in her own right. Even when this
occurred, to the honor be it said of Wilkins Stan-
ley Egbert, he never spoke of that broadsheet night, and
the secret remained unknown until the death of Dol-
dram the old, when little by little, from Miss Julia's
own confiding, it leaked out.

And this was Miss Julia Livingston Doldrum's mys-
tery.

the old criminal lawyers of Sunnyside read the case in
the morning papers, and came down to see the distin-
guished criminal, they were too late; there was some
grumbling about sharp practice, overreaching, etc.,
but the best was made of their disappointment, and the
whole management of the case left to Stanley.
Egbert. And ah! what a magnificent thing it was. How
he was the witness for the prosecution, and found the
witnesses for the defence. How shy he brought the
little affair into Court before his favorite Judge.
He like the witness for the prosecution, and found the
witnesses for the defence. How he was the witness for
the Judge, and told the jury he asked nothing but
justice, would have nothing but justice, and he only
had to look in the intelligent faces before him to know
that he would get it. And then when that same intel-
ligent jury, after a magnificent peroration by Stanley,
Egbert, during which he wept, and sobbed, until there
was not a dry eye in the Court-room but those of the
prisoner, could not agree, and were discharged by the
favorite Judge. How Stanley, Egbert, was congratulated
by the assembled bar. And then how, after carrying
this case over several trials, the man was finally acquit-
ted, and turned out in Sunnyside to commit more
murders, which he did, and was hanged, Stanley,
Egbert, his reputation being made, refusing to take the
case. And it was this budding promise of a great
man, whom Miss Julia met at the annual ball of the
Sunnyside Independent Rangers, with whom she danced
four consecutive quadrilles, with whom she walked,
with whom she took tea and breakfast, and with whom
she fell in love at sight. Stanley was a fine name,
thought Miss Julia, much more poetical than Doldrum.
"Did Mr. Stanley ever write poetry?" Mr. Stanley
thought that if he had never yet written poetry, now
was the time to begin, under the inspiration of Miss
Julia's beauty. And Stanley, Egbert, said so, and as a
matter of course, endorsed the saying by sending to
Miss Julia, at the paternal mansion next morning, a
full acrostic on her name, written on pink-tinted note,
and commencing,

Just as his flowers, and so have I
Unwillingly "neath the clear blue sky
Lays me I will, with this love to me
Is like the sunbeam on the sea,
I will wait my soul to melody.

It is a wonder that this was a whole shell in the
camp of Miss Julia, tearing her heart into little bits,
and causing a surrender at discretion. She was hope-
lessly smitten, and Stanley Egbert had nothing to fear,
at her hands; but alas! "The course of," etc. It was
the same in all ages, Doldrum *per se*, could not be
brought to see the rising young lawyer, in any other
light, than as he himself termed him, "an impudent
pettifogger." Is it any wonder therefore, that Miss
Julia took to ice-creams and "Syllabub's Saloon," of
afternoons, where as a remarkable coincidence, Stanley
Egbert, occasionally dropped in at the same time. Was
it strange that after sundry bewailings of their fate,
in which Stanley Egbert, positively asserted that he
wished Miss Julia had been a poor sewing-girl, with no
father, and no nothing, and Miss Julia washed the
same, mindily, that a carriage, well closed, should be
seen every day very early, and very late, and com-
mon, with a very dark driver, and a very dark young
man standing near, gazing earnestly up a very dark
street, that a female figure wrapped in a dark cloak,
should come down that street, whom the dark young
man should pick up in his arms, and lift into the car-
riage, and away they went.

There is a dark house standing in another dark street,
where Stanley Egbert, and his beloved Julia jump from
the carriage which brought them. What great events
hang on the smallest cases. Had but the corporation
been lit that evening, had but the Reverend Henry
Hymen been that night at the expense of one extra
candle, cost six cents, the lives of several would not
have been wrapt in impenetrable darkness. It was
darkness, nothing but darkness, when the were-to-be-
happy pair jumped from the carriage. Miss Julia pre-
ceded Stanley Egbert into the house, as a natural conse-
quence covered with confusion, and a veil. As Stan-
ley Egbert, had his foot upon the door-step of the house,
a hand touched his shoulder, he turned, there was a
word or two whispered, a sudden remonstrance, one
person stepped to the door of the house, and shut it,
while several more came from different directions very
quietly; there was a scuffle, very quietly done, and
Wilkins Stanley Egbert was borne away down the street,
while his beloved Julia inside the house, was led be-
fore the Reverend Henry Hymen, and married. Mar-
ried? To whom? Ah! this is the mystery. Miss
Julia can give no account of the matter herself. The
rooms were dark, and as we have before said, Miss Julia
covered with confusion, and a veil, believed herself in
the arms of her beloved Stanley, and even through the
ceremony, until that gentleman rushing before her,
with his hair dishevelled, and his coat torn, with his
face scratched, and his shirt collar and bosom
soiled, declared himself an unmarried man, and
matched his was-to-be-bride from the hands of her
stranger-husband. Here was a magnificent scene,
Miss Julia of course could only scream and faint.
What else could she be expected to do? Stanley Egbert
could only hold up his beloved Julia, and tear his hair
at intervals. What else could he be expected to do?
The Reverend Henry Hymen could only run for water,
barbours, camphor, and his wife. What else could
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CHAPTER III.

MR. ROBERT HENRY.

It was at breakfast one morning that a stranger made
his appearance at the Chickabiddy. From the door to
his seat, we shall be able to give some terms description
of Mr. Robert Henry. He was tall, say, five foot
seven, we dare not give him full six feet, broad on
the shoulders. But ah! for making him a hero of ro-
mance, he had neither black whiskers, nor moustache,
nor was he young; Mr. Robert Henry, was forty, if he
was a day. He had brown eyes, rather good eyes, tol-
erable hair, had it been properly combed, quite good
teeth, and yet there was one thing that would have
condemned him to the lowest depths in the Chickabiddy
list, as yet I even had been young, and handsome. It
was that dread legacy of the world, that terror of
society, Shabbiness. Mr. Robert Henry was unquestion-
ably shabby. His black coat was buttoned nearly to
the chin, and worn quite to the thread, indisputably
white on the seams, though still not buttoned so close,
but a shirt collar could be seen which was clean, there
could be no disputing this fact, and this alone could
redeem the rather dingy Mr. Robert Henry.

Strange fatality! Though a hundred other seats
were vacant, that he should make his way directly to
one opposite Miss Julia. The gentleman's appetite,
showed him a gentleman: he did not devour indis-
criminately, he sipped a cup of tea, toyed with a biscuit,
ate an egg, tasted a bit of ham, dwelt over the
battered toast, and finished up with a cup of coffee, all
in the space of an hour. And was he occupied alone
during all this hour with his appetite? Ah no! Miss
Julia Doldrum flashed her arm at Mr. Robert Henry,
and the old prophetic at the Chickabiddy, said from
that moment, that if the gentleman were a permanent
guest, that he was the victim of that arm, and so it proved.
Mr. Robert Henry held the morning paper before him,
it would not do to say, read it. He drank in
that arm, with his tea, and dwelt on it with his eyes,
and when at last Miss Julia rose, and passed away like
a little tripping fairy, he followed her with his eyes,
to the last glimpse, and then buried his head in abstrac-
tion, and the morning paper. When Mr. Robert Hen-
ry made his way to his seat at dinner, his most inti-
mate friend would hardly have known him, and even
Miss Julia could not refrain from a little pleasurable
stare, at the alteration. The curse of Shabbiness, was
all gone, and he stood radiant in unexceptionable
brocade, of an unmistakable cut. His coat was
open, his linen impeccable, his hair would have
done credit to an artist, and even more than all this,
on the finger of Mr. Robert Henry, gleamed a dia-
mond, before which the finest at the Chickabiddy,
aye! even in all Sunnyside, paled their ineffectual
fires. It was plain the gentleman was not poor, there-
fore it was plain the gentleman was worth cultivating.

This was Chickabiddy logic, and very good logic it
was, and thus as Mr. Robert Henry was to be a per-
manent at the Chickabiddy for the Summer, he was cal-
culated. It will be realized without much difficulty
that the gentleman was not poor, there-
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And so the days went on, and the love-making pro-
gressed exceedingly. And one warm Summer after-
noon, when the ladies were in the parlors, and the
gentlemen smoking on the piazzas, a strange
noise was heard in the entries of the tramp of many
feet. The ladies dropped their gossiping and listened.
In an instant all eyes were turned to the door, where
entered Mr. Robert Henry, followed by several gentle-
men of the Chickabiddy, in evident excitement. It
was plain to the ladies the secret mystery had reached
his ears, and now came the terrible result. They
were on their feet in an instant. But what was the
surprise of all to see that gentleman rush wildly toward
Miss Julia, and catching her in his arms, cover her
with kisses. By all the laws of womankind she ought
to have screamed heartily, but she did not. Great sor-
rows they say are dumb, and undoubtedly great sur-
prises are the same. But if the ladies and gentlemen
of the Chickabiddy were surprised at the kisses, how
much were they astonished when Mr. Robert Henry
for a moment released Miss Julia, and again before she
could become indignant, caught her chubbily form to
his many breast, and said, "My wife! My darling
wife!" Now indeed there was consternation; Miss
Julia had got over the days of fainting, or she would
have fainted. But she had not got over the days of
screaming, therefore she screamed just a gentle scream,
and all the ladies of the Chickabiddy screamed in
chorus, and all the gentlemen threw away their cigars.

A wonderful time was had that evening at the Chick-
abiddy, when Mr. Robert Henry related his history
and mystery, and it was remarked by Mr. Thomas
Benton Snorem that more champagne was opened and
consumed that night, at the Chickabiddy, than
any evening since the nomination of the senior partner,
any evening since he was elected. Mr. Whipple, to
Congress, when he was once a young man, a
young man, not to be backward, a very wild
young man. But time softens all things. Upon the
memorable night in question, he was to have been mar-
ried to Nelly Mason. All would remember Nelly Ma-
son. She was to have met him at the Reverend Henry
Hymen, to which rendezvous she was to have been
brought by her brother Charles Mason, who was his
dearest friend. Charles was to put his sister into Eg-
bert's hands, and remain outside, so that he might not be
compromised by being identified by Mason Senior as be-
ing cognizant to the match. Every moment he looked
for, and expected his Nelly at the appointed spot. When
therefore a lady was thrust into the door, and into his
arms, and the gentleman who brought her, shut the
door, and left her there, what was he to think but
that it was his own expected Nelly, and lead her to the
mistake accordingly, which he did. And when the
mistake was discovered, what should he do, but as he
would repent him, as quickly as he did her,
while running from the house, he met the car-
riage containing Charles and Nelly Mason, and putting
together some plausible excuse for changing the place
of espousal, they drove away to another clergyman,
and in less than half an hour were one flesh, and for
ten years his Nelly had been an affectionate wife, and

he hoped was now among the angels. As to the wis-
dom of Mr. Wilkins Stanley by the officers, he had no
doubt it was for him they were looking, in fact was
rather sure of it. For in those days he was a very wild
young man, and there was a little unsettled matter,
a fellow he had knocked over for impertinence, it was
all made right afterward. Young men will do so.

And this was Mr. Robert Henry's story. And
woman ever forgiving, in the person of Miss Julia Liv-
ingston Doldrum, forgave Mr. Robert Henry all the
mystery he had unwittingly woven into her life.

A glorious time they had at the Chickabiddy, cele-
brating the second nuptials of the seventeen years
parted couple. The house resolved itself into a com-
mittee of the whole on the necessity and propriety of
calling in the clergyman a second time, and concluded
it must be done, though not as a necessity. Simply, as
Mrs. Mumbletop said, to make a sure thing of it. By
common acclamation therefore, the Reverend Henry
Hymen was sent for, as the gentleman still presided
over his flock. The festivities, as the editor of the
Sunnyside Independent declared, blazed with magnifi-
cence, reflecting honor on Sunnyside, and adding
another leaf to the laurel that already encircled the
brow of Messrs. Whipple, Snapp, and Snorem, "the gen-
tlemanly proprietors" of The Chickabiddy House.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

When by sweet chance we find a violet,
Shielded from hot June fires in some dim grove,
Cloistered and cool, with dripping dew-drops wet,
How the fresh flower makes April of the spot,
And waits the lovely Spring-time back again,
With her pale smile, her tender forest hue,
Her opal skies, her star of silver rain,
On the faintest breath of perfumed petals blue!

Thus, who

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Let the Foot Indian.

The distressing lack of novelty in the Broadway Theatre, necessitates a pilgrimage to the Oriental district.

I do the New Bowery, a "dramatic temple" for which I have the best reason. "The great American Actor," Mr. Naudin, has been engaged for six nights "only," for the express purpose of producing an Indian drama, written expressly for him by H. J. Conway. "The Indian," entitled "Wakomet," or, "The Indian's Curse." I had the honor to assist expressly at the performance of this work, and regret, for your sake, Effendi, that the engagement of the great American actor has been limited to six nights. You don't know what you have lost by not doing the great American Actor.

As for "Wakomet," it is a drama in five acts, in prose, and very good in that.

The scene is laid in the Shenandoah valley, away down in old Virginia, and away back in the good old times when the second Charles was King. A very correct old gentleman, Rothern Chawls by name, and one who had something to do with the abolition of Charles the First, has come to Virginia for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and the privilege of cheating the Indians according to his own conscience. Having some little difficulty about a real estate question with the Wicomicos, he simplifies the matter by blowing up the whole tribe with gunpowder, altogether a new and certainly a very simple method of conveying which I recommend to the especial attention of the Bar.

Colonel Chawls naturally concludes that things have been fixed as far as the aborigines are concerned, and enters upon the possession of their land. But there is an old lady, Madame Shenandoah, who is too tough to be killed. She not only lives, but vigorously "crusades" Chawls and all his race. When the piece commences, Madame Shenandoah is a splendid antique, colored like a ten-year-old Meerschaum. Like Madame — who shows servant girls their future husbands, she is the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and was born with a caul, and lots of other things.

This delightful old lady has a son, positively the very last appearance and farewell benefit of the tribe. He is Wakomet. He is the "Great American Actor." He is Naudin.

When the play opens, it is found that Wakomet has gotten up a tremendous flirtation with Edith Dalton, a young lady of a sporting turn of mind, who has met the Indian while gleaning around after other game. She is legally the property, or is soon to become so, of Mortimer Chawls, a young gentleman who is, to use the mildest term that occurs to me, a little slow. Madame Naudin prefers the antique, and tells him so in a rocky peep. She informs him that she will never, never be anybody else's, in a voice which might be heard over all Washington.

In due time we have the awful scene of the bride, where Edith is forced by her cruel governor, a wilful old gentleman in a good deal of wig, to wed the man she detests. In vain she appeals to the governor; he is like all the tribe, in such cases, perfectly idiotic; and when every other hope has failed, the dear creature takes two ounces of laudanum, and, as Mr. Chawls would say, "plugs" down upon the stage. There remains just her brother, who looks like a dry-goods clerk got up for a fancy ball at the Volks-Garden, arrives, and inquires where she is. Finding her in the centre of the stage, he ejaculates in a mild way, "Dead," and immediately goes away in a corner, from which he does not again emerge.

Wakomet, who is supposed to have been killed, having been shot at by five men-of-war within eight paces distance, suddenly turns up, or rather jumps down from some mysterious place, and demands Mrs. Wakomet. After walking around her several times, he manages to make out her locality, and then there is a good deal of recrimination and ungentlemanly conversation on all hands. The Indian is chained, but he succeeds in freeing himself, and in the meantime his amiable mamma has set fire to the house.

You will perceive that there has already been a great deal of trouble in this family, but matters become worse in the fourth act, which represents the burial-place of Edith. That young person, who to tell the truth has been most ably treated by her relatives, is left upon the stage in an extensive refrigerator. Her Indian husband is not far off. He comes striding about the stage, breaks into the refrigerator and takes out the damsel.

Now the old lady makes herself useful with a restorative, probably Bourbon (the fashionable drink among the fair now-a-days), and Edith is once more wide awake and full of Indian. Her lungs are stronger than ever.

Here I am getting on finely. The "Youngest and Loveliest" becomes positively interested. Lady Gay begins to hope for a happy denouement; it is only the Countess of Peoria that is irreverent and makes jokes, when who should appear, but Chawls Junior, one of those misguided youths that are always a minute to a minute and a half behind the train, and who will persist in chasing up other people's crinoline, even if the latter would have them at any price.

Of course there is trouble between Chawls and the Indian; of course the latter has the best of it; of course he puts Chawls into Edith's refrigerator, in which he remains, although he could get out at any moment.

Meantime, the Chawls and Dalton families are naturally excited in their minds as to the whereabouts of the young people. Chawls musters a powerful army of six, and takes Wicomico to task. There is a great deal of talk which amounts to nothing until Chawls makes a practical business proposition to this effect: "If you, Indian, don't produce my son in two minutes I'll hang you upon the next tree!" The Indian doesn't mind, however, and goes on to talk some more about the pale-faces and happy hunting-grounds and so on. He worries the old gentleman a great deal by showing him the skeletons of his other children, and finally opens the refrigerator, where the last Chawls-hope lies dead; but not quite so far gone that he couldn't open one eye to look at the Countess of Peoria.

Don't yawn. Only a few minutes more and our piece will be over. In a general melee, Wakomet is killed by Chawls, Jr., immediately afterwards he is struck by lightning (fact), one special thunder-bolt straight from Jove, and Wakomet after a grand final oratorical attack on the pale-faces, kills himself with an immense knife which he has been flourishing about all the evening. The curtain descends upon the death of four of the five principal characters, which I call "doing pretty well for off-hand."

There is an under-plot evidently intended to be comic. The personages are a waiting-maid in ringlets, yellow satin and orange velvet, and a canting servant of the 'sain, verily school. They have very little to do, and scrupulously refrain from doing it.

As a matter of course the play utterly fails to give anything like a dramatic resemblance to the events or the characters with which it deals. The Virginian gentlemen might as well be called Italian noblemen, or French canaille, or anything else. The Indian is a great deal of humbug about the aborigines of this glorious country. But there was one trait in their character which I always admired. An Indian never talked unless he had something to say. It was, undoubtedly, very wrong in our forefathers to take away the red men's hunting-grounds, but it is still more criminal in the dramatist to make the savage a bore. The particular Indian under review is less vulgarly called a blower. He talks all the time, and has really nothing to say. The Great American actor stalks about the stage at the rate of six miles an hour, howling and ranting by turns, but failing to give any effect whatever to the performance. The old Indian woman was carefully and well acted, but there commendation must be arrested. The male scene, however, was very fine.

There is no reason why any number of good plays, serious or comic, or both, should not be made out of the legends which abound in our early colonial history. With a Longfellow, a Boker, or a Mrs. Beecher Stowe for the dialogue and characterization, a Bourcault for the dramatic construction, we might have a real American drama. At present there is no such thing.

Faits Divers.

Some weak-minded persons thought I praised Mr. Bourcault's *Ostrom* too highly. That play was produced on the 6th of December last, the day of all days in the year when our good King Fernando overthrew Tammany. It has been played continuously at one city theatre or the other since. It now occupies the Museum stage.

The *Evening Post*, in the course of an article about the Sunday opera, makes the Sunday newspaper critics. That is not permitted. It is a clear trespass on my property. You may, as you continually do, steal my information; say, even infringe on my Anna Maria; but don't touch my Sunday papers. Leave me, I implore, that last and sweetest balm for a wounded heart. What a delightful family quarrel they are all having about the Subscriber!

How solemnly grand is the venerable Times! how keen the airy *Dispatch*! how pleasant the gay and lively *Atlas*! And all about me! Isn't it nice to be clever?

Mr. Charles Howard, a capital sobrette, as I remember her some years ago, has returned to the metropolis, and is playing with the finest comedienne and greatest dramatic author of this or any other age, Mr. H. Watkins (is it possible you never heard of him?), the Broadway Boulevard. They do "The Hidden Hand" (query, is it the Treasurer's?), and I may go in out of the rain some night, and tell what it is like.

William Mason and Theodore Thomas give the first of their classical concerts at Chickering's to-night. Stigelli sings two ballads, and the instrumental programme is a very good one.

The success of Mrs. Wood at the Winter Garden is uninterrupted, and the bills of the Broadway Theatre have remained unchanged during the week. *Junius*, Robert Brough's burlesque, is announced for Monday. Mr. Wood plays the "gallant" hero, and Mr. A. H. Davenport the gentle Romeo.

That distinguished Briton, Captain Morton Price, and the very pleasant vocalist, Miss Lucette, have come to town, and announce an entertainment at the Hope Chapel, on the 9th of March.

The CHATELAIN OF GAST-ROUGE, like one of Ponsard's heroes, was "born to suffer." His newest grief is that the Circus is going away to the modern Athens before either of the Hannon Brothers has broken his neck. It is a burning shame, as Anna Maria's maid would say. Mrs. Barney Williams succeeds the Circus. Mr. Williams's physicians have forbidden him from playing for the present. Mrs. Williams brings out a new piece by Mr. Walcott, and plays in her burlesque, *An Hour in Seville*. It is almost needless for me to say what every one else says, that Mrs. Williams is one of the cleverest actresses and handsomest women on the American or English stage.

"Martha."

Musio's friend *Martha* has been represented this week by Adeline Patti, who it is announced is really and positively going over to the Britishers, and won't illuminate Irving Place for a long time to come.

Such a calamity can scarcely be permitted to happen. What would become of the café-au-lait colored youth who follow in her train, and sacrifice even their cigars for her bonquets? It won't bear thinking of. We can't be robbed of our *Pâté de Foie Gras*, just as we are coming to the truffles. Philadelphia if she likes, well, even Peoria, because from those places one can come back, but if she goes to Europe she will marry some Duke with no end of tin, and have a palace by the Lake of Compe or some of those places.

I have not much to say about *Martha*. It is a pretty jingle, the music, and that is all. Take out the Last Rose of Summer, and Herr Von Fictor might shut up. Patti was merry, lively, and pleasant in this role. She displayed more dramatic feeling in the ballet, than I remember her to have exhibited previously. Madame Strakosch was quite successful in the contralto part, and Brignoli really superb in the tenor role. I heard him sing it for the first time last year, at Philadelphia, and was delighted then.

Just now his voice is in the best condition, and he sings delightfully. I know of no tenor in the city who could sing this part so well, and that is Mario. Junca was very ponderous in the bass-part. He was as heavy as one of those immense iron columns which you see dragged through the streets by six or eight strong horses. The others managed to wagon him along, however, and the performance was much liked.

Martha drew two immense houses, and it will be repeated to-day for the Matinée, the end of the season. Shocking event! A wretched thing! It's not possible! Did you ever! What will become of all this! I happened to be listening near the Museum at the time of the arrival of the Seventh Regiment from glory. O! what a sight was there my countrymen! They had left us blooming and unsmiled but a few days ago; but now they were over their splendid uniforms a coating of capital mud. Some limping, some without shoes; the only attachment they had experienced having been that of the Washington soil, in whose embrace their chameleons still lingered. They were all transformed into "Knights of the useful company," and looked more like a returned company of Nicaragua filibusters, than a regiment resplendent with the glory of patriotism.

Of course patriots! O tempora! O mores!

[From the New York Tribune.]

THE LAST ARTIST'S RECEPTION FOR THE SEASON.

Though the weather last night was disgustingly unpleasant, to say the least of it, Dodworth's Hall was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of the nobilities and beauties of this metropolis, the attraction being the last of the Artists' Reception for the season. These exceedingly pleasant reunions came to a most swanlike and dolphin-exploring conclusion. The previous exhibitions were so far from exhausting the resources of our city studios, that on this closing night the array of works of art on the walls was more satisfactory and encouraging than on any previous occasion of the kind.

In fact, we have never seen a finer show of paintings from our younger artists than were exhibited at the Reception last night. In two styles of painting in which we have hitherto been lamentably deficient, there were examples of the highest order—marine views and genre subjects. In the former there were five or six small paintings full of genuine feeling and manifest earnest study, by Mr. A. W. Warren, a young artist of whom we have before made mention. It is very evident that he paints from his study of nature, and not from other men's studies, and we were not surprised to hear that he put himself to school by going a voyage to sea round Cape Horn, before the mast, for the sole purpose of making sea sketches. Realism in this cannot fail to meet its due reward.

There were two or three coast-scenes of great merit, by William Hart and R. M. Stagg. Maurice Hart had some very admirable landscapes, as had Shattuck, Boughton, Nichols, and Clifford. Mr. Glynne had a very remarkable sea-piece, representing some huge icebergs on the Banks of Newfoundland. Among the landscapes, too, were some striking pictures by Kestey, and a very charming sunset by Kenneth Baker, Hall, and Carpenter, constituted some fine portraits, and some, by Bowers, and Leary, some admirable figure-pieces. Huntington had a highly interesting group-sketch, containing portraits of Irving, Webster, and Bryant, as they appeared sitting side by side at the Cooper Memorial meeting, held at the old Metropolitan Hall, in this city, a few years ago. The sketch was made at the time, and the portrait of Irving is one of the best we have seen of him.

There is often a singular want of tact shown in the selection of the time and place of these demonstrations. The late anniversary of the birth of Washington happened to be a day yet too close to quench every spark of patriotism. Yet the parade of our soldiers was permitted in the city, and they tramped the streets through mud and mire, wading through the slush, and their commemoration must be arrested. The male scene, however, was very fine.

est accordance with chronology, the very hour of the hero's birth is the truly propitious moment. The commemorative parade should have commenced at two o'clock A. M.; so with the veracious and venerable South Sea. It is ridiculous to persist in observing the exact time and hour, wind and weather, notwithstanding such an occasion when we so often postpone or anticipate anniversaries which happen to fall upon Sundays.

But we have a still higher example of this sort of mismanagement in the style of the recent reception given to our Seventh Regiment at the Capital of the Union. They did not receive the common courtesies of invited guests, much less the respect due to those who officially represented their fellow-citizens, in whose name they were expected to contribute to the glory of the occasion.

This favorite body of our citizen-soldiers is composed of young men from various classes of society. While there are many of wealth in its ranks, there are also others, who, though equal in intelligence and refinement, have not the command of the same extensive means. Yet, at a moment's warning, they are all left their business and avocations, answered to the call of the nation as well as to the call of their Colonel, cheerfully laid down each man his ten dollars and took up the line of march.

After sundry vicissitudes, they arrived at Baltimore, where they were greeted by the gallant City Guards, who generously anticipated their wants, with great paniers of sandwiches, huge demijohns of cock-tail, and a superabundance of Habana. Thus regaled they proceeded with excited hearts and hopes under the escort of these hospitable brothers-in-arms, to the place of their glorious destination, where, alas! minus any sort of reception, they looked more like a troop of invaders than a goodly company of the nation's guests. Their brave Colonel himself in such a dilemma had to refuse the honor of introducing them into the city.

He gave the order—"Fall in!"—which they surely did ankle deep, into Washington mud and slush.

The Colonel, perceiving a solitary, suspicious-looking individual who advanced from the Capitol towards the depot, naturally concluded him to be a member of Congress, and that in lieu of a military reception they were at least to be received civilly. It was in vain that the Colonel ordered "attention," no attention was the order in Washington, and the ominous-looking individual passed on with scarce a glance.

Now what else could the noble Colonel do but order his men to shoulder arms and march; which they did, through the broad thoroughfares, till they accidentally found themselves in Pennsylvania Avenue, facing the hospitable mansion known to the world as Brown's Hotel.

There they made a halt for the sake of by-gone hospitality, but all their demonstrations of gratitude failed to awaken any response. Having, however, temperately refreshed themselves by the mere act of halting, they were better prepared to join the state procession which was on its way to the Capitol.

Their distinguished military-bearing was for them constant source of applause from the admiring bystanders, as they marched along the avenue; but no official attention did they receive until their arrival at the place of celebration.

There, a spot was designated for their occupation, at the respectful distance of some half a mile from the statue, out of eyeshot and earshot, and the very soft and mud-dirt in the whole vicinity. They did not remain long; for the Colonel perceiving that his men were fast sinking, and in danger of being wholly submerged, ordered them to march off any where in search of food and rest.

Great inducements to these weary and hungry men were held out to march to the arsenal some three or four miles distant where a bountiful collation awaited them; cold shoulders no doubt, of which having already had a sufficient quantity, they preferred to look elsewhere for better fare.

So, they dispersed to the different hotels, restaurants, and bar-rooms—a hundred and forty-seven fished men. But more than food they needed respect; when night came they were struck like the slain over a battle-field; every soul and chair being preoccupied, the very halls and floors were teeming with the uniforms of these brave warriors who sleep had conquered.

But heroes as they are, they wake to glory, for the great John of Gotham, not the Prince John, nor yet John the Baptist, but the redoubtable Barba-Ross of New York, appeared as the harbinger of the good-will of the living Father of the country.

Under his banner they rally forth again, to the White House; where, the old gentleman perceiving them to be sadly in need of a tussle, kindly belabors them with plenty of soft-sop, and hands them over to the hotel-keepers to get shaved.

The face being ended, they beat a retreat to the depot and joyfully turn their backs homeward.

I happened to be listening near the Museum at the time of the arrival of the Seventh Regiment from glory. O! what a sight was there my countrymen! They had left us blooming and unsmiled but a few days ago; but now they were over their splendid uniforms a coating of capital mud. Some limping, some without shoes; the only attachment they had experienced having been that of the Washington soil, in whose embrace their chameleons still lingered. They were all transformed into "Knights of the useful company," and looked more like a returned company of Nicaragua filibusters, than a regiment resplendent with the glory of patriotism.

Of course patriots! O tempora! O mores!

[From the New York Tribune.]

There were exquisite little fruit-pieces by George H. Hall, from the auction sale of Wednesday night, and two or three capital pomological studies by Mr. Catterly. But the great attractions of the exhibition were two small pictures by Mr. Eastman Johnson, which would serve to give the most accurate idea of the painter, even though he had never exhibited his "Old Kentucky Home." One of these is called "Washington's Kitchen at Mount Vernon." It gives an exact representation of that sanctified spot, but the artist has introduced a group of figures consisting of a negro woman and two or three black children, so full of life that they monopolize the sympathies of the spectator and make him forget that these divinities in ebony are sitting in the very spot where the diners of the Father of his Country were prepared for his sagacious appetite. The other picture is entitled "Mating." There are two young lovers in a dovecote, and the subject is treated with all the tenderness and grace which it naturally suggests.

There was also a newly-arrived work exhibited, which is entitled to a more extended notice than we can bestow upon it, by Merle of Paris, called "The Story Teller." It represents a white-haired old man entertaining a group of children, who are listening to his narrative with eager attention. It is one of the finest works we have had from the modern French school. Mr. Belmont's picture of the "Good Sister," by the same artist, has already made him favorably known on this side of the Atlantic.

In addition to the fine collection of paintings last night, and the brilliant throng of spectators, there was a capital band of music to give liveliness to the scene. The members of this most excellent association have good reason to congratulate themselves on the brilliant termination of their season. They have done infinite good to the cause of art, and afforded a new pleasure, of a refined and elevating character, to our best society, for which they should be properly recompensed, as we have no doubt they will be.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

IX.

Sober-minded people laugh at fashion, because they deem it fantastic and arbitrary folly. Such conduct, instead of being an evidence of their depth and profundity, betrays their ignorance of the real nature of things. They pretend that it would be the perfection of good common sense to dress like the Shakers, in a homely and invariable style.

They remind me of the man I have read of somewhere, who was of the opinion that he was too much of a philosopher, and that he might advantageously be restricted to several less.

The pleasures of change, variety, the delights of vision and æsthetics, are of no account with them—mere ideal creations, fancies—nothing!

Do not wonder, however, that Fashion seems to us so restless, goes so many-headed, ever-varying, reasonless, arbitrary, trifling, fickle, absurd, and fastidious, and the cause of so much envy, rivalry, sinning, and ruin; for vanity is its slave, and how few of mankind are not the slaves of vanity!

It is a melancholy sight that is presented by a woman or man who has invested all her or his earnings in flattery, and pinched the stomach, or put off the payment of just debts to gratify the most childish vanity. When you see, for instance, a mother with an aerial tulle of a bonnet, all lace and flowers, on her head, costing something over fifty dollars, whose children you know lack sufficient food and other necessities, you cannot but look upon the flimsy creation of the milliner with indignation, as a sort of vain and rapid quinquennial of ever so many legs of mutton, leaves of bread, pounds of butter, pain of shoes and pantaloons, and other essential things too numerous to mention.

But there is a temperance in the adoption of Fashion as in the use of liquor. It is with the excess that I quarrel.

Fashion keeps the world alive and in employment. We should sink into apathy without it. The oriental nations and barbarous ones, that have no fashions, stagnate. No good is without its exceptional evils, and we must get up with or try to remedy them as best we can; but not cut down the "brave old oak" because one limb happens to be dead.

I come of good Quaker stock, and speak advisedly. I know there is a capacity in our nature, which the beauty and charm of harmonious colors, forms, elegant variety of flowers and music alone can satisfy, and without which there is left in us an aching void which renders life monotonous, stupid, and miserable.

"Follow Nature," says the solemn moralist. "Animals have no fashion, and are they the less beautiful?" I do not copy the birds and beasts (though they do change their attire, particularly the feathered-race), but Nature herself. She has her never-changing fashions. As the year rolls round she enrobes herself in dresses as various as the hues of the rainbow; in the delicate and fresh colors of Spring, in the ripe and full tints of Summer, in the mellow shades of Autumn, and the snowy garb of Winter.

Nor is the round unvaried. In one year her Spring dress is sparsely ornamented, and in another is half covered with flowers and blossoms. Her Summer-garb is often lovely as Innocence, and then again as scorched and brown as an Indian's visage. She sometimes comes red in Autumn, and sometimes supports a cloak of green into mid-Winter. In Winter we know too well how frequently she assumes her snowy mantle and throws it off again.

Nature's changeableness is only rivaled by woman. During one year she rejoices in the production of this grain, root, fruit, or flower, and in the next visits it with a blight. In a past Summer we had peaches in abundance, and in the ensuing one we were left peaches, to console ourselves with insipid apples and sour plums. Nature indulges in her April humors all the year round.

Even the ages are marked by her caprices, analogous to fashion; for one is distinguished for great manias, another for celebrated poxes, another for famous warriors, yet another for eminent philosophers, a fifth for remarkable discoveries, and so on to the end of time.

Nature has her fashions on a grand scale, for she is never better than they are perhaps just as unaccountable as artificial ones. True, there must be a cause for everything, but the action is just as applicable to human inventions as to the natural phenomena. Then let the moralists sneer no more at fashion, nor consider them as fools who obey her dictates and excel in the adaptation of her charming varieties.

W. F. F.

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The public has already been informed that a benefit performance is about to be given, on a grand scale, at the Academy of Music, in behalf of the family of one of its principal and most respected agents, who died a few days since in Boston, while there in discharge of his duties.

CHANGES IN THE BOOK TRADE.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are to remove on the 1st of April from 346-348 to 443-445 Broadway; Messrs. Derby & Jackson, on the 1st of May, from 119 Nassau street, to 408 Broadway; and Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons from 181 Nassau street, to 157 Grand street.

The Messrs. Appleton prior to their removal will sell at auction, on their present premises, a catalogue of books embracing some of the most important in every department of literature,—the sale to commence on Tuesday, the 27th of March.

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Royal Quarto Dictionary

HOW'S MY AUNT?

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

"Ho! conductor of the train!
How's my aunt—my aunt?
What's your aunt's name, good sir?
And the date of the train I want."

"My Aunt Jane—
Who came in the cars this morn—
She left in the early train.
What care I for the rest?
My aunt—my aunt is gone!"

"What's the use of being conductor
If you don't know my aunt?
You might as well be a lobster man
Bidding your traps at Nahant.
Every fool on the early train
Ought to have known my aunt."

"How's my aunt—my aunt?
Who's responsible for her?
Tell me, conductor, in plain
Or I'll have you in jail to-morrow,
Badger or no, conductor,
Conductor, or no badger,
I'll have you in jail to-morrow."

"Speak low, my dear sir—speak low—
Why should I speak low, conductor,
About mine own aunt Jane?
Conductor, retire!
I'll send for the crier
To search all over the train.
Why should I speak low, conductor?
There's been a smash-up in the train?"

"I'll show you just where we were wrecked,
By the back track, just half the way.
You may have the luck to detect.
Mid the fragments some bit of your aunt.
There's an old parson with the silk all torn off—
Two boxes of pills—an old shaver for cough-
One leg—half an ear—an old shaver.
It's just possible those are your aunt."

"How's my aunt—my aunt?
What care I for a smash in train?
It's not the smash I want,
Without any legs, or without any head.
You have her, that's plain;
I say, how's my aunt?"

"Every one in the train was crushed!
Minced! minced! minced!
How's my aunt—my aunt?
What care I for the rest, conductor?
Neither any legs, or without any head.
Lead on, conductor! show me the pieces!
How's my aunt—my aunt?"

—Boston Post.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post, Feb. 29th.]

PROTECTION OF AMERICAN WATCH-MAKING.

We cannot conceive of a more effectual punal for the political economists of the protectionist school than for them to be set to explain the success of the American Watch Company at Waltham. The duty on watches is eight per cent., and on materials and parts of watches it is four per cent. Yet, with only this amount of protection, and asking for no more, nor even caring for this, or taking it into the calculation, the projectors of that enterprise undertook to establish what has been regarded as one of the most delicate and difficult branches of manufacture, and one which was supposed to demand the most experienced skill. And the attempt has been so completely successful as to command the market to the extent of the company's ability to produce, at satisfactory prices, driving out the productions of foreign watches which come in competition with the American article.

The secret of this success is very simple. They went into the business as a trade, to work at it for their living, not as a scheme to enable certain wealthy capitalists, or their lazy sons, to make dividends on their stocks, to be spent in luxurious display or vice. Hence all their arrangements contemplated the strictest economy, every man working for wages and receiving what he earned, without any provision of honorary salaries to drones or non-producers. Moreover, instead of coveting the round-shouldered and cumbersome methods, and trying themselves up in rags to the expensive routine of European manufacturers, they set their wits to work to find out the best and cheapest ways of doing things. By their success they have pointed out the road for American enterprises to follow, in one branch after another, as fast as the genius and skill and resources of the country shall render manufacturing enterprises practically desirable.

The original ideas which have led to this success were, first, the making of all the parts of a watch to a pattern, so that any place will fit any watch of the same description; and, second, the employment of machinery, contrived for the purpose and driven by steam power, in fashioning the various parts of a watch, which in European manufactures are wrought out with great labor and care by handwork. A visit to the works, charmingly situated on the banks of Charles river, near Waltham, will impress any intelligent observer with the value of these two simple ideas. All the parts of the fine mechanism which go to make up a well-jewelled watch are there formed and finished to their pattern, and tried by measurements so exact as not to vary the twenty-five hundredth part of an inch. The most ingenious machines are employed in shaping each individual piece, every wheel and pinion, so minute that a hundred thousand of them will not weigh a pound. This machinery is all original, contrived and fabricated on the spot, and so perfectly regulated that an apprenticeship of a few weeks only is required to make the artisan, male or female, fully competent for the work. Such is the result of having men set about their own business, and setting their wits at it in earnest.

What do they care about a protective tariff? They do not even seek the protection of patent rights for their ingenious machinery, but rely upon the advantages of possession and success to keep them in advance of any competitors at home. The only competition they fear is that of their own countrymen, as Yankee wit is not subject to any monopoly; and this they expect to meet, whenever they must encounter it, as "Greek meets Greek," the best way they can.

Surely, if Yankee ingenuity, without protective tariffs, can compete with European capital, and skill, and cheap labor, in so difficult a business as that of making watches, it is not easy to believe that the course of financial speculation shall have broken the iron and coal, which the Almighty made for the common use of man, and whenever there shall be men of skill and enterprise to spare to go into the business of iron-making for a living, and not on speculation, who shall set their wits at it to find out the best ways and the cheapest processes, it must be that such an abundance both of ore and fuel can be made to yield plenty of iron, in spite of the competition of European iron-makers who have to bring their products three thousand miles to find a market.

PAY HERE.

"Pay Here" is stuck up over certain little receptacles of loose change in some of our city omnibuses, and it is all very well for those who understand how to do it. For those who do not, it is a decided take-in. Here is an illustration. A Kentucky friend of ours, who, though not a stranger in the city, is a little green in relation to these pay boxes, got one day, for the first time, into an omnibus provided with a take-in-box, and the way he was taken in is a caution to strangers. He shall tell his own story:

"Seeing the words 'Pay Here,' I put up a dime for my fare, and down it went into a sort of hopper made of glass, and there it was stuck; and there I was stuck. I looked around anxiously for my half-dime in change, expecting, of course, that some automatic performance would send it down to me. By and by the driver pulled a string; there was a little rattle, and away went my dime out of sight. Presently two ladies entered, and I thought of course the driver was waiting for them to get settled before he gave me my change. One of them handed me a quarter of a dollar to hand up for her fare. I was used to that—I had done it before. I was about putting it

into the same trap that caught my dime, when one of the ladies remarked: 'Hand it to the driver.'
What, thought I, does that 'Pay Here' mean, then? Presently the driver poked his head through the hole, with the change for the quarter, which I took, and was handing it back to the lady, as I had often done before in my city rambles; when she said, in a very soft, pleasant voice—that is, it sounded so to me, being a bachelor—'Please put the change in the box.' So of course I did it. I looked at her with one eye, suspecting the box without thinking of the fatal and final disappearance of my dime, down went the little coin into the glass hopper, and as if the weight was too heavy for the driver's conscience, he suddenly pulled his string, and away went my dime jingling down the hole. I looked at all as I felt. Presently they began to laugh, and not wishing to see myself laughed at, I turned my head towards the driver. Then, for the first time, I saw pointed upon one of the ladies that supports the roof, a few very edifying words, to the effect that I should put the 'exact change' in the box, and if I hadn't the exact change to put in, I might pass my money up to the driver, and get change for that purpose. 'Exactly,' I said to myself, 'I see now—now that it is too late. I have put my own money in there, and not satisfied with that, I have volunteered my services to put the money of other ladies in the same place; and they are laughing at me. I don't blame them. I could laugh myself, if I was only out of this infernal box; and out I will be. I wish I was out in the big woods of Kaintuck, and I pulled the string that supports the roof, and I pulled pretty hard, for I felt hard just then. As I went out I tossed a quarter into the lap of one of the ladies, and bolted; glad to get away, though I had not taken half the distance I wanted to go. I walked the other two miles, coldly reflecting that I had paid thirty-five cents for my ride—for which I had seen two pretty women laugh—and the meaning of 'Pay Here,' and exactly what 'exact change' means.—N. Y. Tribune.

Is this a bottle which I see before me.
Tempting me to imitate? Come, let me clutch thee;
I have thee, and I'll sin; yet I'll not do so; I'll not.
Art thou, frail substance, capable of being tapped
Without a cork screw? or does it require one
To approach to thy sweet contents? Still I see thee,
In form as palpable as any I saw!
My taste is made the fool of the other senses.
Or else worth all the rest; and this I do believe.
From the serene sensations that come o'er my soul,
While contemplating thy luxurious contents,
I see thee still, and on thy shining label
A printed label—which mine eyes saw not before—
And on that label certain signs and marks,
Indicative of quality, which are known
Only by the initiated. Now or half my brain
Nature seems floating in a sea of bliss;
And whilst I thus draw from thy neck, the cork,
Witchcraft's aid, and shows to my astonished gaze
A gleam, and lustre from me to pour it full;
Then with the night-witch's stealthy pace, my arm
Lifts to my mouth; and on thy shining label
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